

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

W E D N E S D A Y, AUGUST 26, 1795.

[No. 9.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

S I R,

ON hearing many objections made to your Magazine I was a little surprized; but after some short reflection my wonder abated; and on a still further consideration from whom they arose, and what they were, it entirely ceased.

The people who find so many faults in your paper, will readily be found to be the light, the trivial, and the vain, (and to suit the tastes of such, I presume, was never the intent of this publication,) who can no where accommodate themselves so well as in the *flying stationer's* basket. I make no doubt but it appears to be a general complaint, that the matter contained in the Magazine is of too grave and serious a nature to suit the majority of your subscribers: but when we consider the great propensity the people before alluded to, have to raising tumult and clamour; and how much more noise a small number of men may make, who are that way disposed, than a great multitude who are not, it becomes dubious: for it is the shallow brook which rattles over its pebbles, and fills the echoing grove with its murmurs; while the wide and spacious river glides along its banks in majestic silence. Since then it appears very probable that these clamorous persons constitute but a small part of your subscribers, I see no reason for your paying so much attention to them, as in any wise to alter the plan of your Magazine; especially, since by obliging them, who are at best but transient and uncertain customers, you may disoblige a great number of your permanent patrons.

I am not insensible the ignorant and uninformed, form, by far, the greatest part of mankind: but when we reflect how few of this class take a periodical publication of this kind, and how few there are of a refined education and genius who do not, the argument again revolves on my side of the question. For although, as has been observed, the complaint arises altogether from the opposite quarter, yet we may again remark, that it is the buffoon and the braggart alone who are ever picking quarrels and raising disputes, which the gentleman looks upon as wholly beneath his character. But finally, to endeavour to please every body, would be an attempt as vain as the old man and his son undertook in

carrying their asses to market—Witness *Dennis Toole's Letter*, which I understand gave offence to some few.

I would not however be understood to wish to exclude every thing from the Magazine that is witty, lively, or satirical—by no means:—such pieces properly interspersed through the work, like refreshing glasses at a delicious banquet, cheer and invigorate the mind to pursue its inquiries with pleasure and alacrity.

“But let the witling argue all he can,

“It is RELIGION still that makes the man.”

It is this that stamps a person's character with dignity in this life; and amidst all the wayward vicissitudes of fortune, keeps his mind calm and serene.

“This strews with roses life's perplexing road,

“And leads the soul to pleasure's blest abode.”

When old feeble age with all its concomitant train of diseases comes on, with what complacency can he look back on a life devoted to VIRTUE: And at the close of that life, this will alleviate the pangs of death, and make him, like the setting sun, shine forth with more resurgent glory.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

ETHICUS.

NEW-YORK, August 19, 1795.

THE TWO LOVERS—AN ANECDOTE.

AT the capture of the town of Oia, in the East Indies, by the Portuguese in 1508, an officer of that nation, named Sylveira, observed one of the natives of a noble aspect, escaping by a private path, with a young woman of exquisite beauty. He ran instantly in order to secure them. The Indian did not appear at all apprehensive for his own safety; but after turning about to defend himself, he made a sign for his companion to fly. Her faithful love, however, would not permit her to obey his injunctions. She resolutely refused to retire; assured her lover, that she would rather die on the spot, or be a captive with him, than to make her escape alone. Sylveira, affected by the bravery of the one, and the magnanimity of the other, gave them both liberty to depart; saying, at the same time, to his officers and soldiers, “God forbid that my sword should destroy such noble and tender ties.”

LEONORA DE VALESCO.

A SPANISH HISTORY—Continued from page 59.

NOT all the prescriptions of the best physicians could have produced such an effect on him, as these words of Ovesby; and regarding him with more attention than he had hitherto done, he was more convinced than ever, that he had both heard his voice, and seen his face; the more I look on you, said he, the more I imagine that I have somewhere been acquainted with you; do me the favour, therefore, to ease me of the suspense I am in, and acquaint me who you are.

My lord, (replied Ovesby, making a low bow,) permit me to leave you without acquiescing in your request—that is a mystery which is reserved for the Chevalier Lumley to explain; nor can I do it, without being guilty of a breach of trust, which would render me unworthy of your Lordship's regard. Don Fernando would press him no farther, and the other took his leave, telling him, that in a very short time he should be satisfied at full.

When the recital of this conversation was made to Leonora, that courageous lady, who had so often gone in search of death, with an intrepidity becoming the most experienced and boldest warrior, was now ready to expire; grief, joy, love, and pity, made such a conflict in her soul, that she fell into a swoon in the arms of Ivon and Beatrix; They used such endeavours as presently recovered her; after which they both joined in reproaching her in a gentle manner, for giving way to a weakness, of which they had thought her incapable. You see, gallant Ivon (said she blushing) that I am a very woman, and that we sometimes owe to an excess of misfortune, a courage which vanishes in prosperity. Tho' these reflections rendered her not less worthy of admiration, Ivon was unwilling she should continue in them, and sent Ovesby back to the Marquis's cabin, with orders to make every body retire out of it, under pretence that the Chevalier was coming to treat with him on some affairs of consequence between the two nations. Ovesby executed his commission with all the dexterity imaginable, and prepared the Marquis for his approach; who trembling, followed him soon after, accompanied by Colonel Ivon. They no sooner appeared than Don Fernando, thinking it his place to speak first; valiant Lumley, said he, you see a man as full of esteem and admiration for you, as he was once of hatred and jealousy: Ovesby has doubtless acquainted you with the cause, and I therefore entreat you will forget my first sentiments, and remember that the latter are occasioned by the hope of retrieving my dear Leonora through your means. In finishing these words, he opened his arms, and the Chevalier being advanced, threw himself into them; Yes, cried he, my forever-loved Don Fernando, it is just that I restore to you your Leonora, since you desire it. This voice was too present to the mind of this faithful lover, for him not to know it immediately; without hesitation, not doubting but that it was the daughter of Valesco who filled his arms, Leonora, cried he, my dear Leonora! is it you that I embrace?—Can it be possible?—O Heaven!

These words were repeated a million

of times over, and interrupted tears, kisses, and tender embraces. But at last the desire of knowing by what enchantment Leonora and the Chevalier Lumley were the same person, made him give a truce to his transports, and his curiosity to know by what strange means those things came about, was excited to the highest pitch.

Leonora, who found in the present caresses of Don Fernando, too much of the same ardent passion, which he had formerly possessed, to doubt of his fidelity, tenderly entreated him to moderate the violence of his rapture, fearing some ill consequence from it in the weakness of the condition he now was; and after having presented Ivon to him, as a person worthy of esteem, and made him know Beatrix in the appearance of Ovesby, she recounted to him the whole history of her adventures, disguising nothing from him that had passed since the first moment of her being taken prisoner by Kerme. Never was man so filled with astonishment, love, and admiration, as he was at this relation; and having testified what were his sentiments, by some expressions of tenderness and praise, he proceeded to acquaint her with all that had happened to him since their separation. He justified Montrosse, by telling her that what he said concerning his marriage, had been occasioned by believing him his rival. These faithful lovers, now perfectly satisfied with each other, Ivon communicated to the Marquis their design of carrying the vessel, with all the rich spoil it contained to Buenos Ayres. Don Fernando testified his gratitude for such intentions by a thousand acknowledgments, and protestations of an eternal friendship; then after having examined all the consequences of a design, which was not without its hazards, Ivon advised Leonora to quit the cabin, lest so long a conversation with a prisoner, should occasion any suspicion among the soldiers. She knew him too sincerely attached to her interest, not to regard what he said; and leaving Beatrix with the Marquis, went with Ivon on deck, where she resumed the character of the Chevalier Lumley, and found less constraint in doing so, than ever she had known before; as she now considered herself more free from perplexity than she had been, since she first wore the habit of a man.

All this time the vessel was drawing nearer to the coast of Buenos Ayres; and for the carrying on their project, Lumley made several little descents as they went along, pillaging the peasants, and taking prisoners. The soldiers and mariners rejoiced, and were highly pleased with their commander; but when this had continued for some days, Ivon selected all those whom he suspected, and formed a party of them to make a descent; on which expedition they went with joy. They had no sooner left the vessel, than he ordered to weigh anchor, and hoisted sail directly for Buenos Ayres; the pilot mistrusting something, refused to obey, on which he shot him through the head immediately, and put another in his place at the helm. Then calling together some, whom he knew were well affected to him, he communicated to them his design, and with their assistance, and that of the Chevalier Lumley, soon became master of all those who opposed him, and entered with Spanish colours into the harbour of Buenos Ayres.

hands to be the prey of whoever will take them; her eyes and conversation directed to every fop who addresses her with the most common-place flattery; what can she pretend of *delicate* affection to reserve for her husband? It is impossible a man of sense, or of the least refinement, can esteem a creature so public.—Well says Dr. Young,

“There is no woman, where there's no reserve.”

A married lady who dresses for the public, cannot wonder if coldness and contempt from her husband follow very fast; and that the smallest *faults*, on both sides are as much magnified as their *perfections* were before marriage.

The disapprobation you express for cards, gives me the most promising hopes that you will not, on any account, fall into that fashionable dissipation. “*A youth of folly*,” I am convinced, you have hitherto, and will avoid, as well as what Mr. Pope adds in the same line, “*An old age of cards*.”

One would think this pernicious and senseless amusement was calculated only to interrupt conversation, and to put men of sense and coxcombs on the same level. There is no stronger instance of the tyranny of avarice over the human mind, than this passion for cards, which seems so prevalent as to have destroyed every other. One sees the most tender, the strongest connections of love and friendship, yield to this amazing infatuation! How common is it to see two people, who have the greatest esteem for each other, no sooner sit down to this important decision of their fate, but they labour for each other's ruin, with all the eagerness and assiduity of the most inveterate hatred and implacable revenge! This thirst of gain (for it is no other) is not confined to the needy and necessitous; for one sees the *rich* are in general most infatuated with this passion; and, though they cannot enjoy even what they have, yet often give themselves up to despair, from a desire, equally blamable and ridiculous, to have *more*.

An ingenious author remarks, that “if the insatiable passion for gaming continues, it were as well that our public schools and universities were prohibited; and other seminaries instituted for the instruction of our children, where they might be taught quadrille, whist, &c. By this method our *girls* would be trained up to make a figure in the world, and the parents of *sons* saved the trouble and great expence of a boy's education.” As to dress, you will continue, I doubt not, to be exquisitely delicate in that article; and I know you will always prefer an elegant simplicity, which will best shew your taste and delicacy, to a load of finery and tawdry ornaments; as Swift says, “I know you are both utter contemners of that kind of distinction which a finer petticoat can give you; because it neither makes you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more wise or virtuous, than if it hung upon a peg.” Many women little imagine how much dress is expressive of their characters; vanity, levity, fluttishness, often appear through it. An old Spanish proverb says, “Tell me what books a man reads, and what company he keeps, and I will tell you what manner of man he is:” But I think we may with greater propriety say, tell me how such an one dresses, and I will tell you what sort of man he is. It would be a more certain way to

discover the secret bias of each person; it is a kind of index to the mind. Upon the stage you see the most exact and strictest attention is paid to what they call *dressing* their *characters*. The fop has his solitaire—the Quaker her pinched cap and little black hood—the courtesan is decked with every tawdry ornament to allure. The most perfect elegance of dress appears always most easy, and the least studied. I need not remind you to accustom yourselves to an habitual neatness; and I know you will always remember, that even your most careless undress be such, that you need not be ashamed of appearing before any company. The finest woman in the world shews her beauty *most* by endeavouring to conceal it.

(The conclusion of this Letter in our next.)

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Account of the extraordinary Death of a Flemish Painter.

PETER Peuteman was a good painter of still life; but the most memorable circumstance relative to this artist was the incident that occasioned his death.

He was employed to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, expressive of the vanity of the pleasures of this world, and of the shortness and misery of human life: and that he might imitate some parts of his subject with the greater exactness, he painted them in an anatomical room, where several skeletons were suspended from the ceiling, and skulls and bones lay scattered about the floor. Here he prepared to take his designs, and either from some previous fatigue, or the intenseness of his study, insensibly fell asleep. This was on September 18, 1692, when an earthquake, that happened while he was dozing, roused him; and the instant he awoke, he perceived all the skeletons in motion, and the loose skulls rolling about the room! Being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horror that he threw himself down stairs, and tumbled out into the street half dead. His friends took all imaginable pains to efface the impression made on his mind by this unlucky event; explaining the true cause of the agitation of the skeletons: Nevertheless his spirits were affected in so violent a manner, that he never recovered his health, but died soon after at 42 years of age.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Learned gentleman at the bar, when interrogating a sailor who was called as witness to a murder aboard a ship, asked him where the defendant was when he saw him strike the person murdered.—“The defendant, (replied the sailor) I don't know what you mean by the defendant.” The counsellor argued that the sailor was not a competent witness, as he did not know what a plaintiff or a defendant meant; however, the sailor was suffered to proceed in his evidence, in the course of which he was asked by the aforesaid counsellor, in what part of the ship he stood when the fact was committed. “Where did I stand, (replied the sailor with a sea-faring roughness) why I stood abaft the binnacle!”—“Abaft the binnacle! (says the counsellor) pray where is that?”—“There's a pretty fellow of a counsellor, (replied the sailor) who does not know where abaft the binnacle is!”

THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O*****

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 62.)

THE fun was setting when we came to the inn, where a supper had been prepared for us. The Prince's name had augmented our company to sixteen. Besides the above-mentioned persons, there was a Virtuoso of Rome; some gentlemen of Switzerland, and an adventurer of Palermo in regimentals, who pretended to be a Captain. We resolved to spend the evening where we were, and to return home by torch-light. The conversation at table was lively. The Prince could not forbear relating his adventure of the key, which excited a general surprise. A warm dispute on the subject presently took place. Most of the company positively maintained, that the pretended occult sciences were nothing better than juggling tricks. The French *Abbé*, who had drunk rather too much wine, challenged the whole tribe of Ghosts. The English Lord uttered blasphemies. The musician made a cross to exorcise the devil. Some of the company, amongst whom was the Prince, contended, that our judgment respecting such matters ought to be kept in suspense. In the mean time the Russian officer discoursed with the ladies, and did not seem to pay attention to any part of the conversation. In the heat of the dispute, the pretended Sicilian Captain left the room without being observed. Half an hour after he returned, wrapt up in a cloak, and placed himself behind the chair of the Frenchman. "A few moments ago," said he, "you had the boldness to challenge the whole tribe of Ghosts. Would you wish to make a trial with one of them?"—

"I will," answered the *Abbé*, "if you will take upon you to introduce one."—

"That I am ready to do," replied the Sicilian, turning to us, "as soon as these ladies and gentlemen shall have left us."—

"Why only then?" exclaimed the Englishman; "A courageous Ghost has surely no dread of a cheerful company."—

"I would not answer for the consequences;" said the Sicilian.—

"For heaven's sake, no!" cried the ladies, starting affrighted from their chairs.—

"Call your ghost," said the *Abbé*, in a tone of defiance, "but warn him before-hand, that he will have to encounter with a good blade." At the same time he asked one of the company for a sword.—

"If you preserve the same intention in his presence," answered the Sicilian coolly, "you may then act as you please." And addressing the Prince: "Your Highness," added he, "thinks your key has been in the hands of a stranger; can you conjecture in whose?"—

"No."—

"Have you no suspicion?"—

"Certainly I have."—

"Could you know the person if you saw him?"—

"Undoubtedly."—

The Sicilian, throwing back his cloak, took out a looking glass and held it before the Prince. "Is this the same?"—

The Prince drew back astonished.

"Whom have you seen?" I said.—

"The Arminian."—

The Sicilian concealed his looking glass under his cloak.

"Is it the same person?" demanded the company.—

"The same."—

A sudden change manifested itself on every face. No more laughter was to be heard. All eyes were fixed with curiosity on the Sicilian.

"*Monsieur l'Abbé!* The matter grows serious;" said the Englishman. "I advise you to think of retreating."—

"The fellow is possessed with the devil;" exclaimed the Frenchman, and flew out of the house. The ladies screamed, and hastily left the room. The Virtuoso followed them. The German Prebendary was snoring in a chair. The Russian officer continued indifferent in his place as before.

"Perhaps your intention was only to make this *bravado* appear ridiculous;" said the Prince, after they were gone, "or would you fulfil your promise with us?"—

"It is true;" replied the Sicilian, "I was but jesting with the *Abbé*. I took him at his word, because I knew very well the coward would not suffer me to proceed to extremities. Besides, the matter is too serious to be trifled with."—

"You grant it is in your power?"

The Conjuror maintained a long silence, and kept his look fixed steadily on the Prince, as if to examine him.

"It is in my power;" answered he at last.

The Prince's curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch. A fondness for the mysterious had ever been his prevailing weakness. His improved understanding, and a proper course of reading, had for some time dissipated every idea of this kind; but the appearance of the Arminian had again revived them. He went aside with the Sicilian, and I heard them in very earnest conversation.

"You see in me" said the Prince, "a man who burns with impatience to be convinced on this momentous subject. I would embrace as a benefactor, I would cherish as my best friend, him who could dissipate my doubts, and remove the veil from my eyes. Would you render me this important service?"—

"What is your request?" replied the Sicilian, hesitating.—

"I now only beg a specimen of your art. Let me see an apparition."—

"To what will this lead?"

"After a more intimate acquaintance with me, you may be able to judge whether I deserve a further instruction."—

"I have the greatest esteem for your Highness, my Prince. The first sight of you, has bound me to you for ever. You have an unlimited command over my power, but"

"So you will let me see an apparition."—

"But I must first be certain that you do not require it from mere curiosity. Though the invifible powers be in fome degree at my command, it is on this facred condition, that I do not abuse my empire."—

"My intentions are pure. I want truth."—

They left their places, and removed to a window, where I could no longer hear them. The English Lord, who had likewise listened to this conversation, took me aside. "Your Prince is a generous man. I am forry for him. I will pledge my falvation that he has to do with a rafcal."

"Every thing depends on the manner in which the Conjuror will extricate himfelf from this bufinefs."—

"Well the poor fellow is now affecting to be delicate. He will not fhew his tricks, unlefs he hears the found of gold. We are nine. Let us make a collection. That will fubdue him, and perhaps open the eyes of the Prince."—

I confented. The Englifhman threw fix guineas upon a plate, and gathered round. Each of us gave fome louis d'ors. The Ruffian officer was particularly pleafed with our propofal; he gave a bank note of one hundred and fifty zechins; a prodigality which aftonifhed the Englifhman. We brought the money to the Prince. "Be fo kind," faid the Englifh Lord, as to prevail on this gentleman to exhibit to us a fpecimen of his art, "and to accept of this fmall token of our gratitude." The Prince added a ring of value, and offered the whole to the Sicilian. He hesitated a few moments. "Gentlemen," faid he afterwards, "I am humbled by this generofity, but I yield to your request. Your wifhes fhall be gratified."—At the fame time he rung the bell. "As for this money," continued he, "on which I have no claim for myfelf, permit me to fend it to the next monastery, to be applied to pious ufes. I fhall only keep this ring, as a precious memorial of the worthieft of Princes."

The landlord came in; the Sicilian gave him the money.—"He is a rafcal notwithstanding," faid the Englifhman, whispering to me. "He refufes the money because at prefent his defigns are chiefly on the Prince."—

"Whom do you want to fee?" faid the conjurer.—

The Prince confidered for a moment. "You had better demand at once a great perfonage," faid the Englifhman. "Ask for Pope Ganganelli. It can make no difference to this gentleman."

The Sicilian bit his lips. "I dare not call one of God's anointed."—

"That is a pity!" replied the Englifh Lord; "perhaps we might have heard from him what diforder he died of."

"The Marquis de Lanoy," began the Prince, "was a French General in the feven years war, and my moft intimate friend.—Having received a mortal wound in the battle of Haftinbeck, he was carried to my tent, where he foon after died in my arms. In his laft agony he made a fign for me to approach.—Prince, faid he to me, I fhall never fee my country any more, I muft acquaint you with a fecret known to none but myfelf. In the convent on the frontiers of Flanders lives a — — —. He expired. Death cut the thread of his fpeech. I wifh to fee my friend to hear the remainder."

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

CITIZEN BULL,

Please to infer the following mathematical question in your entertaining Magazine, and you will oblige Yours, &c.

PHILO—MATHEMATICUS.

A gentleman had in his garden an Elliptical Pond, whose axes are to one another as 3 to 4, and was defirous to enclose it with a walk 6 feet broad, whose area fhall be $\frac{1}{4}$ of the area of the Pond—Required the length and breadth of the Pond.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

A few days ago, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Capt. FRANCIS YOUNG, to Miss SALLY BUCKMASTER, both of this city.

On Saturday the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. THOMAS PARCELLS, jun. to Miss MARY HURST, both of this city.

At Rye, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sands, Mr. JOSEPH STRANG, to Miss NANCY THEALL, both of that place.

On Saturday fe'nnight by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. JOHN BUTLER, to Miss — CURTIS, both of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PETRONELLA is received and fhall have a place in our next.—GHAIL is inadmissible.—It is hoped the author will not be offended; we wifh to encourage aspiring youth and recommend him to try his hand at profe; he may then, perhaps, have fome claim on our attention.—The piece requested to be inserted by a fubfcriber as it has lately appeared in a New-York periodical paper, is not entitled to a place in the Magazine—we wifh to avoid all difputes, but underftand that it was really written by the perfon fo much fufpected of plagiarism about four years ago, and fhewn at that period to fome of his friends; it might perhaps have made its way into an European publication.

* * In the firft line of the Enigmatical lift of young ladies names, published in the laft number—for a white excellent root, read a white efculent root.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 18th to the 25th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at						Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100		8.	1.	6.
Aug. 18	79	50	88	50	82	50	SW. NW. W	clear	light	wind.
19	77		86		82		W. do. do.	do.	do.	do.
20	79	50	88		63		W. do. N.	do.	rain,	very high w.
21	57	50	60	50	59		N. NE. do.	rain,	light	wind.
22	61	50	66		67	50	NE. do. do.	cloudy	light	wind.
23	66	50	68	50	68		NE. SE. E.	cloudy,	rain,	cloudy.
24	69		71		70		E. SE. do.	cloudy,	do.	do.
25	73						SE.	clear,	calm.	

N. B. On the 12th of July, the mercury in this city at 1 P. M. was at 89; on the fame day and hour in Albany at 96, while at George-Town in Maryland, at the fame time, it rofe no higher than 86. On the 23d, of July, the thermometer in George-Town flood at 91, and in this city on the fame day, was at 78. On the 7th inst. in this city it was at 93-50, and at George-Town on the fame day, at 89.

To the EDITOR of the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

The following is original, though written some years ago, as appears by the date: If you deem it worthy a place in your entertaining Magazine, you are welcome to publish it.

ETHICUS.

NEW-YORK, August 13, 1795.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

AH me! how disconsolate, troubled, and griev'd,
That I of my jewel so soon am bereav'd:
But since it is so, and the reason unknown,
I'll strive to be blithe, tho' I inwardly moan;
And seem quite indifferent whose favour I gain,
Tho' I know, to not love her's an effort that's vain.

How little I thought, but a few days ago,
This lovely dear creature would e'er use me so;
By her always treated with so much respect,
That when my addresses she seem'd to neglect,
I thought it was surely a groundless surmise,
And scarcely believ'd what I saw with my eyes.

Convinc'd tho' too soon, I all real believ'd,
And press'd for the cause, but no answer receiv'd;
While with so much sweetness she bade me adieu,
I thought my heart bursting, and from her withdrew,
Condemn'd in despair my hard fate to deplore,
And ne'er knew how dearly I lov'd her before.

But since this sad change in my fair one, I owe
To some demon of spite from the regions below;
May Heav'n all gracious ne'er cease to befriend,
And from all fell-mischief this maiden defend;
On her may kind fortune propitiously smile,
And ne'er adverse fate her fond wishes beguile.

'Tis not quite impossible she may relent;
But such groundless hopes can ne'er yield me content:
Therefore, since her favour I so much despair,
Her spotless example I'll copy with care,
'Till to my great Master I yield up my breath,
And Mo's gently closes my eyelids in death.

That when the last trumpet shall awfully sound,
And shake the wide earth, and all hell's dark profound;
When at the loud summons, the dead shall arise
In numberless millions, and darken the skies;
We both from our graves in a transport may spring,
And thron'd high in glory eternally sing.

OYSTER-BAY, March 6, 1793.

A N A G R A M.

IF you transpose what ladies wear,
'Twill plainly shew what harlots are:
Again if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name:
Change it again, and it will shew
What all on earth desire to do:
Transpose these letters yet once more,
What bad men do, you'll then explore.

VEIL.

VILE.

LEVI.

LIVE.

EVIL.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A SIMILE.

OFTEN I rove at close of day
Near by a cooling river's side:
With curious eye th' expanse survey,
And watch with care the bubbling tide.

A silent calm is spread all o'er,
The winds are hush'd, and all is still;
The lazy waves approach the shore,
With nought their feeble caps to fill.

Again I go, the contrast view,
A troubled ocean now behold:
The winds that late so feebly blew,
Fiercely approach, in terrors roll'd.

The billows running mountains high,
Tremendously each other clash;
As gloomy clouds corrode the sky,
While in the air sharp lightnings flash.

A striking picture here we find
Of life's vicissitudes and cares:
For what's the lot of all mankind,
But constant hopes, and constant fears?

Calm is the sea of life to-day,
The winds of care have ceas'd to blow;
The cheering zephyrs sweetly play,
And nature's dreams no tempests know.

To-morrow mark the mighty change,
And hear the dreadful whirlwinds roar:
Fierce tempests o'er life's ocean range,
And pleasing scenes are now no more.

ALEXIS.

NEW-YORK, August 14, 1795.

EPIGRAM.

ADAM alone, could not be easy,
So he must have a wife, an't please ye:
But how did he procure this wife
To cheer his solitary life?
Why, from a rib cut off his side
Was form'd this necessary bride.
But how did he the pain beguile?
Pho! he slept sweetly all the while.
But when this rib was re-applied,
In woman's form to Adam's side,
How then I pray you did it answer?
He never slept so sweet again, Sir.

AN amorous youth once fought the bliss,
To steal a soft and balmy kiss;
When Chloe stamp'd, (and some say swore)
That he should gain the prize no more:
He smil'd and said—if 'tis such pain,
Pray Miss return it back again.